

THE MONARCH OF NEGRO NEWS-PAPERS.

The ideal race newspaper, and published at the Capital of the Nation, is THE COLORED AMERICAN. It is clean, newsy, and ably and fearlessly edited. It is the organ of no clique or faction, but a fearless champion of the colored people everywhere. Its columns teem with news of the day, reflecting the best sentiments as well as the doings and achievements of the race everywhere. Read what the Negro press says:

THE COLORED AMERICAN is already a great newspaper, printing forty-eight columns each issue. It aims to print seventy-two columns. May its friends aid it to its realization.—*The Wilmington Record*.

Mr. Edward Cooper, manager of THE COLORED AMERICAN, Washington, D. C., is unquestionably the ablest all-round newspaper manager of our race, if results are to settle the question.—*The New South*.

THE COLORED AMERICAN is, without question, the greatest newspaper published by colored men; every colored editor should take off his hat to Mr. Cooper.—*The Leavenworth Herald*.

THE COLORED AMERICAN, of Washington, D. C., comes every week, brim full and running over with good things; Brother Cooper is one of the best newspaper men of the country.—*The Huntsville Journal*.

THE COLORED AMERICAN, in a short space of three years, has gone to the front at the Nation's Capital. Its manager, E. E. Cooper, holds a unique position in colored journalism, being the pioneer of illustrated journalism.—*Et.*

Editor Cooper, of THE COLORED AMERICAN, has so many good things for his readers that he seriously contemplates making his a twelve-page, instead of an eight-page paper. This shows that THE COLORED AMERICAN is not only holding its own, but is doing more.—*The Star of Zion*.

THE COLORED AMERICAN, of Washington, D. C., will shortly issue a twelve-page paper weekly—seventy-two columns of reading matter. Under the able management of Editor Cooper it has forged ahead till it earned the name of "Monarch of the Weeklies."—*The Western Outlook*.

THE COLORED AMERICAN, a local hebdomadal, published in the interest of the colored people, came out in a new dress and with a beautiful heading Saturday. It is one of the best newspapers in the country edited by colored men; has a good circulation, and carries a large line of live advertising.—*The Washington Post*.

THE COLORED AMERICAN is without doubt one of the ablest journals published by Afro-Americans. It is a Republican paper, very free in its expressions, which makes it more popular even among those who deny the "equality of man." This paper is published at Washington, where the doings of the lawmakers of the great Republic may be had pure and fresh, and submitted to the people for their disposal.—*The Rock Hill Messenger*.

Gotham Notes

The Hon. Elihu Root, in his speech the other day notifying the Hon. C. W. Fairbanks of his nomination adverted to the fact in delicate phrase that his democratic opponent Mr. Henry Gassaway Davis was living on borrowed time, and intimated that the old gentleman might not be equal to the demands upon him should he be elected, and succeed to the upper office. He also alluded to the fact that the venerable democratic candidate would soon pass the age limit, one hundred, in which event some other democrat—probably Dave Hill might find himself Vice-President, or Ben Tillman, or Governor Vardmann, the executive blackguard of Mississippi, and then there would be the deuce to pay. The Constitution would in all likelihood be repealed with the fifteenth amendment smashed into smithereens, the colored citizen deported to Africa or the Philippines, or some other congenial clime, and the white man would have this beautiful country all to himself.

Mr. Davis was nominated, no doubt, because there was no other democrat willing to take the long and lonely journey up Salt river, which is scheduled for him and his accomplice, Judge Parker, early in November. Perhaps if he had been a younger man he would have balked just as younger men did, and refused the empty honor thrust upon him so suddenly. But being only a few years removed from the century mark, he doubtless concluded that he could stand the mortification of defeat with better grace than a younger man, so he cheerfully consented to allow his party to lead him as a sheep to the slaughter, conscious that the executioner will do his duty. He will!

Mr. Root further said in his speech to Senator Fairbanks, "We gave you formal notice of your nomination. . . . It was not made for the purpose of conciliating possible malcontents or of swelling the campaign fund of the party. No bargains or intrigues contributed to it. No suppression of the truth or misleading of the convention as to your principles or opinions were necessary."

And then Mr. Root sat down and fanned himself.

Did he mean to insinuate that the contrary is true in respect of nomination of Parker and Davis? What on earth did he mean in saying: "No suppression of the truth or misleading of the convention as to your principles or opinions were necessary to bring it about? Does the honorable gentleman wish to have the public understand that because Judge Parker sent a telegram to the St. Louis Convention defining his views on the money question, that he suppressed the truth? and misled the delegates most of whom believed that up to that moment he was all right? and does Mr. Root imagine that Judge Parker would have been so indiscreet as to have sent that telegram to the convention when it was in session? What did the majority of those delegates know or care about the Gold Standard anyhow? They have sent that telegram to the con-

vention proper would have been like "casting pearl before swine, and that which is holy to the dogs. It would not have appreciated such a masterly stroke at first hand, and this is proved by the wild and demoniacal outbursts which greeted its reception in the dying hours of the convention, when all hope of retaliating upon the candidate had vanished. Judge Parker wisely communicated his views to the Statesmen in that convention, and they in turn delivered it in broken doses to the fellows who think they are statesmen. Ben Tillman tried to stand on his head and spit backward when he heard the news, and when he recovered his voice, said, what everybody on earth knows to be true that "The democratic party can always be depended upon to make a fool of itself at the crucial moment," and then he collapsed. The courtly Senator Daniel was so overcome that he had to be taken to a Sanitarium. Willie Hearst's bangs became disarranged in the excitement of the moment, and his rooters conscious that the psychological moment had arrived proclaimed him the man of destiny, the logical candidate, the savior of his party, etc. Meanwhile Mr. William J. Bryan was resting his lungs in his room at his hotel and reading the story of Joseph and his brethren, he laid aside his Bible for a moment and diving into his pocket extracted a package of letters, picking out one of them he read: "My dear Danforth.—It was entirely right of you to bring to my attention the question which the sincere friends of Mr. Bryan are pressing upon you. I can say to you frankly and sincerely that you can assure them that I voted for the last national nominee, of the democratic party, as I have voted for all of the regular democratic nominees since I had a vote.

"Yours truly,
"Alton B. Parker."

"Sept. 22, 1897."

Mr. Bryan smiled as he replaced the letter, and resumed his reading. Then he turned to the story of Judas, who betrayed our Lord for thirty pieces of silver. When he had finished it friends interrupted him to say that Judge Parker had revered himself and was bowing to the Golden Calf, that he was no longer in favor of free silver if he ever was, but had surrendered unconditionally to Wall Street. Mr. Bryan pulled out the letter to "My Dear Danforth" scanned it hastily put it back into his pocket and got real sick. "The jig is up" he muttered to himself in a stage whisper, "there is yet work for me to do, I must do the huckleberries who are doing me.

It will be remembered that in the two Bryan campaigns the Gold democrats styled themselves "regulars," so that Judge Parker's statement that he voted with the regulars is correct.

Our old friend G. Grant Williams, one of the handsomest men in the press gang, has been selected by the National Committee to do campaign work in the States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, this fall. Williams is a hustler and worthily deserves the honors which have come to him.

BACKACHE AND DIZZINESS.

Most of the Ailments Peculiar to the Female Sex are Due to Catarrh of Pelvic Organs.



MRS. M. BRICKNER.

99 Eleventh Street,
Milwaukee, Wis.

"A short time ago I found my condition very serious, I had headaches, pains in the back, and frequent dizzy spells which grew worse every month. I tried two remedies before Peruna, and was discouraged when I took the first dose, but my courage soon returned. In less than two months my health was restored."—Mrs. M. Brickner.

The reason of so many failures to cure cases similar to the above is the fact that diseases peculiar to the female sex are not commonly recognized as being caused by catarrh.

Catarrh of one organ is exactly the same as catarrh of any other organ. What will cure catarrh of the head will also cure catarrh of the pelvic organs. Peruna cures these cases simply because it cures the catarrh.

If you have catarrh write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

It seems to me that the democrats are burning daylight, gas, and electricity in a fruitless effort to elect a wobbling candidate for president and an octogenarian who can hardly hear himself whisper for vice-president. But they have got to make a bluff even if their hopes of winning are below zero or the freezing point. They haven't the ghost of a chance to win, and they know it. There are thousands of democrats who in their hearts believe that the eminent Judge Parker, otherwise wise and prudent, and becomingly silent, made a tactical mistake when he sent the famous telegram to Billy Sheehan, the blue-eyed statesman of Buffalo, renouncing his faith in the two platforms for which he had voted as he said in his letter to "My dear Danforth." Those who think they see straight (and Judge Parker is one of them) do not see a democratic victory in the campaign now shaping. The Judge has already made arrangements to enter upon the practice of the law after the campaign is over. Herein he is as wise as a serpent. There will be other "old men" not so wise perhaps.

DR. J. M. WATTS.